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THE

Charles VII, Emperor

19

Dead EMPEROR: 59

OR,

Reviving Peace.

BEING SOME

Deep Coffee-house Speculations on
these Important SUBJECTS.

----- *Pax missa per orbem*
Ferrea belligeri compestet limina Fani.



L O N D O N :

Printed for M. Cooper, in Pater-noster-Row. 1745.

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THE Dead EMPEROR:

OR, Reviving PEACE, &c.

I SAW, one day, as people pass'd,
 Their faces, broad with pleasure vast;
 Their lips prest close, their chins cock'd
 And brisk and sparkling ev'ry eye;
 When in my *inwards* thus I spoke:
 Hey! what's the matter? where's the joke?
 What is it tickles thus the folk?
 T' a Coffee-house, not from me far,
 GEORGE'S, on this side Temple-bar,
 I went, and heard a mighty talking
 'Mong many sitting, many walking.
 Think you, says *one*, 'tis not a *Tale*?
 'Tis *Truth*, he's dead as a door-nail,
Another answer'd.—Quick I said,
 Good fir, pray pardon me, who's *dead*?
 Why, fir, the *Emp'ror's* spirit's fled.
 His body, left inanimate,
 Is lying now on senseless state.
 This is the news that makes the noise,
 The news, in which we all rejoice;
 I hope, fir, *You*,—I shall, said *I*,
 If *Reason* thinks it cause of joy.
 But I've not ask'd her yet; I'll bid her,
 When I get home, fir, to consider.
 Ask *Reason*! said he, and look'd four;
 'Tis plain, as two and twoll make four,
 That when the *cause* of *War* does cease,
 Th' immediate *sequel* must be *Peace*.
 Sir, I'm your servant; to dispute,
 At present, with me does not suit.
 I went,

I went, and took my usual nap,
 And sunk in soft oblivion's lap.
 After two thoughtless hours I woke,
 And then in grave reflection took
 The EMP'ROUR's death. But stop, I said;
 Let's know if Truth confirms him dead;
 If **By Authority published** has it,
 It must be true, in *British Gazette*.
 T' a Coffee-house I haste my feet,
 When lo! soon comes th' *authentic sheet*,
Unerring. To the list'ning crowd
 Th' important news was read aloud.
 When it appear'd, th' Imperial breath
 Expiring, caus'd immediate death.
 He dy'd, for so it came about,
 By fit of strong *stomatic Gout*.

A person ask'd, who seem'd a wise one,
 If *Gout stomatic* was not *Poison*.
 This gave the hint, and nought but sound
 Of *poison, poison*, went around.
 After a little opposition,
 This was the final, firm decision,
 And held unanimous by all,
 That *poison, poison* was his fall.
 They ground their reasoning on surmize,
 Which in the thinking breast deep lies,
 That when great kings and monarchs die soon,
 It can be no way but by *poison*.

The next-mov'd point of *consequence*,
 Was, *who* had sent the Emp'ror hence;
 And who could have th' infernal thought,
 To order the lethif'rous draught.
 This in a moment most concur in,
 Without debating or demurring,
 From FRANCE both thought and deed arose,
 Who neither spares her friends nor foes;
 But trait'rous, cruel ever proves
 To all she hates, and all she loves.

One said, who seem'd replete with wisdom,
 A reason for poor CARDO--his doom,
 I'll give you. GALLIA did not care,
 Having her belly full of war,

Longer



Longer to fight ; but would not leave him,
 Left all shou'd say, the *French* deceive him ;
 This charge against us will not lie,
 Said -----, with a wicked eye,
 If we assist him now ---- to die ;
 And so dispatch him to the shades,
 Where he'll no more ask *Gallick* aids.
 Thus shall we save our faith and honor,
 And *GALLIA* have no stain upon her.

The audience, now no longer dumb,
 With acclamations shook the room,
 And said, that he as wisely spoke,
 As Oracle from tree of oak ;
 So bright his observations were,
 Not noon-day sun could shine more clear.
 By one, howe'er, 'twas made a doubt,
 Who begg'd their sentiments might out,
 Whether the Emp'r's other friend
 Might not his soul t' *Elysium* send.
 He is the very man I mean,
 Who trembles now to meet the *Queen* ;
 His troops so sorely are molested,
 Th' aspiring creature's now fall'n-crested.
 Some thought the *quere* not amiss,
 But chose the topic to dismiss.

This question next was by them started,
 Who should succeed poor *CHARLES* departed.
 Here several talents were display'd,
 And various the conjectures made.
 If *France*, 'twas said, can influence,
 Th' Emp'r will be the *Prussian* Prince.
 " A thing impossible, dear sir,
 That *PRUSSIA* shou'd be *Emperor*.
 He's *Protestant*, and this alone
 Debars him from th' *Imperial* throne.
 Besides, so dup'd by *France* before,
 He'll trust to *Gallic* faith no more.

One says, I make a *dubium* whether
 These pow'rs *still* are not close together.
 As to *Religion*, Pr--ss may drop
 His own, and take the other up ;
 Profess himself *bon Catholick*,
 And thus the matter nicely nick. Such

Such convert to the *Holy Mother*;
 Who wou'd oppose? nor one, nor other.
 But founded, gentlemen, this dream is
 On supposition he's not squeamish.
 Some hop'd that *Pr---ss---a* had more *Grace*,
 Than to turn *Papist* for the *Place*.

A Gentleman, with years decay'd,
 This honest observation made;
 Let us thank heav'n, that here, in *Britain*,
 So good a Prince our throne does sit on,
 One of such stanch integrity,
 That he a *Papist* ne'er will be
 For highest earthly dignity.
 Or else, if Pop'ry he wou'd own,
 He'd soon ascend th' Imperial throne.
 In spite of *Prussia*, spite of *France*,
 I'm sure he'd stand the fairest chance.
 Not one objection here was rais'd,
 And though all smil'd, his zeal all prais'd.

'Twas ask'd, by one, not over-wary,
 What they conceiv'd of young *BAVARY*.
 "What! he be Emperor? Father's fate
 Has warn'd the Son the thought to hate.
 'Tis said, the fire before his death,
 And almost with expiring breath,
 Gave him the wholesome admonition,
 To live content with his condition,
 And drop all claims, and all ambition.
 Quiet he will continue --- so long
 As he observes advising *COLOGNE*.

You're talking now you know not what, fir,
 And I'll against you lay my hat, fir,
 That young *Bavary*, not suspected,
 Will next be Emperor elected.
France will ne'er leave *Bavaria's* house,
 And young Elector has a * *Nous*,
 And *Spirit* too (you dream not this on)
 That wants not fire, nor wants ambition.
 I firmly hold to this persuasion,
 And shan't regard *News*-information.
 This said, against him laughs rise;
 For *Fools* oft ridicule the *Wife*.

† A favourite word of the late Dr. Bentley's, and ridicul'd by Mr. Pope.

At last a strong opinion ran,
 That *POLAND* only was the man.
 Him every int'rest will unite in,
 And his election cause no fighting.
 Him chosen, wastful wars will cease,
 And *Germany* enjoy a peace;
 For won't th' Electors, think you, chuse,
 As best agrees with peaceful views?
 Perfidious *FRANCE* they all abhor,
 And will have *Gallic* schemes no more.

'Twas ask'd, if *SAXONY*'s Elector
 Shou'd *Emp'ror* be, as most conjecture,
 Whether o'er *POLAND* still he'd reign?
 But some deny it, some maintain.
 For *STANISLAUS*, perhaps, some say,
GALLIA may work this wily way,
 But work in vain, her scheme rejected;
 For *Poland*'s King will be elected
 By such an int'rest, not to need
FRANCE to assist him, to succeed.

"Now a new *Emp'ror*'s to be chosen,
 It many a cord and tie many loosen;
 And persons, firm in coalition,
 May shortly be in loose condition.

"How strangely, Sir, you've interpos'd,
 Before the argument is clos'd!
 Let's talk of coalescing *Princes*,
 (And then in th' argument some sense is)
 Who if proud *Louis* shou'd oppose,
 Wou'd take the Grand Monarch by th' nose.

"Hold, gentlemen, how wide you're shooting!
 At this rate, who can bear disputing?
 I want t' observe, a thing not thought on,
 Nor yet on reasoning carpet brought on;
 What, if the Queen of *HUNGARY*
 So obstinate and stiff shou'd be,
 As to insist that she'll have none,
 Except her consort, or her son;
 To dignify th' Imperial throne?
 Shall then (this point let's try to hit,)
 The friends of *SAXONY* submit?
 If she holds positive and vain,
 The war will soon flame out again;

Flame fiercer far, than e'er before,
 And *German* troubles ne'er be o'er.
 The *SAXON* to the Empire rais'd,
 War may be stopt, and *France* appeas'd.

Th' objection, thought by some of weight,
 Occasion'd long and brisk debate.
 Some urg'd, for th'*AUSTRIAN* house who spoke,
 That fear of *FRANCE* was all a joke.
 The haughty, the perfidious house,
 Is now as poor as a church-mouse.
 The *TUSCAN* Duke must be the man,
 For who *will* hinder, or who *can*?

Another's arguing, *contra* shows,
 T'avoid all future knocks and blows,
 And be with peace and quiet blest,
 The *Saxon*-choice wou'd be the best;
 To which, if *France* was once agreed,
 Peace universal might succeed.
Our troubles might, by this promotion,
 Both cease on land, and cease on ocean.

High words, in which no sense or art is,
 Begin t' inflame the diff'rent parties.
 "Your talk, sir, is chimerical,
 Nor stands on solid sense at all.
 As sure as flesh is on, sir, your bone,
POLAND will prove a friend to *BOURBON*,
 I hate the thought you're running after;
 To whom is *QUEEN* of *NAPLES* daughter?
 Young *SAXON* may, which strange to you is,
 Marry a daughter of Lord *LOUIS*,
 And this bring on a damn'd connection,
 Which skulls don't see, that want reflection.

This said, I mov'd, and went away,
 Expecting that the *verbal* fray
 Would come to *blows*—how it *proceeded*,
 How *ended*, I to ask ne'er heeded.

F I N I S.

